Tuball, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traynes.

Portia. I pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard, for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your companie; therefore forbeare a while,
Theres ſomething tells me (but it is not loue)
I would not looſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſailes not in ſuch a quallity;
But leaſt you ſhould not vnderſtand me well,
And yet a mayden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere ſome moneth or two
before you venture for me. I could teach you
how to chooſe right, but then I am forſworne,
So will *I* neuer be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you doe, youle make me wiſh a ſinne,
That *I* had beene forſworne: Beſhrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would ſay: but if mine then yours,
And ſo all yours; ô theſe naughty times
puts barres betweene the owners and their rights,
And ſo though yours, not yours, (proue it ſo)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chooſe,
For as *I* am, *I* liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
vvhat treaſon there is mingled with your loue.

Baſſ. None but that vgly treaſon of miſtruſt,
vvhich makes me feare th'inioying of my Loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my loue.

Por. I but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke
vvhere men enforced doe ſpeake any thing.

Baſſ.